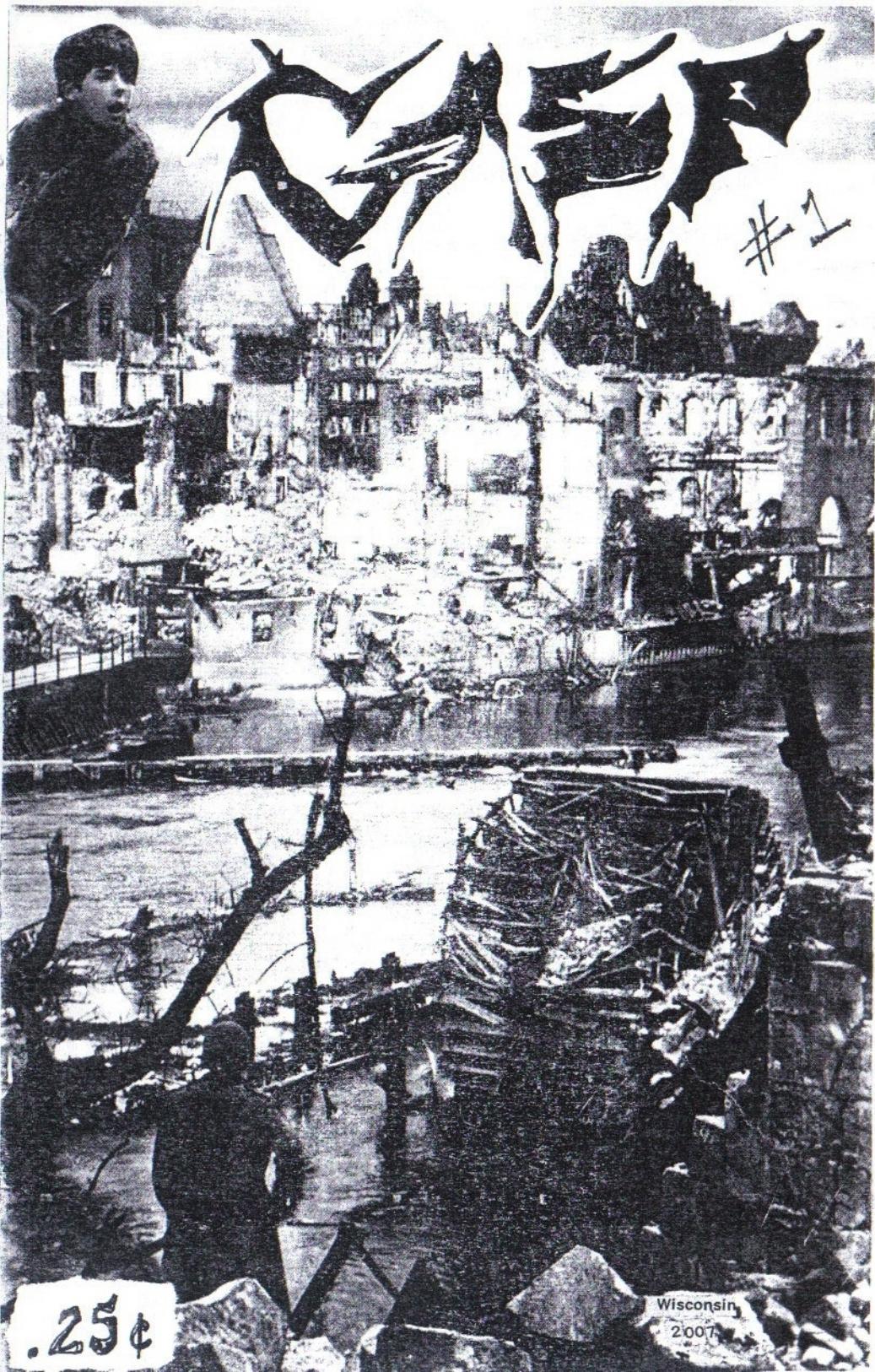
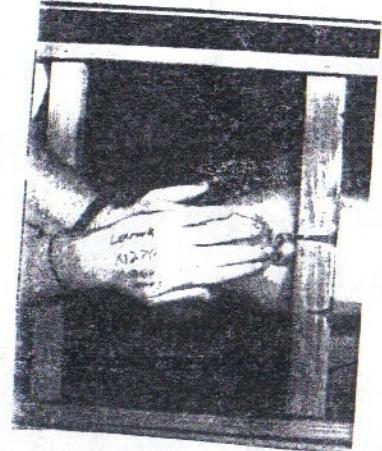
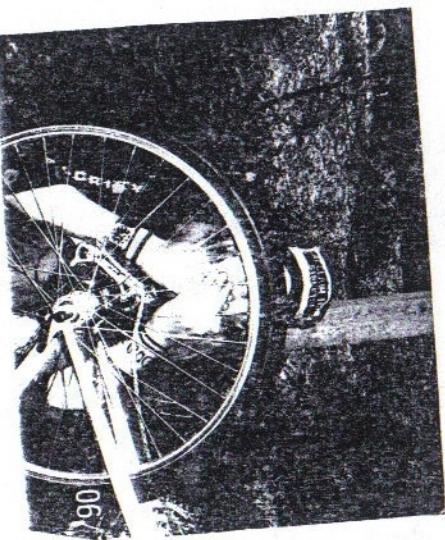
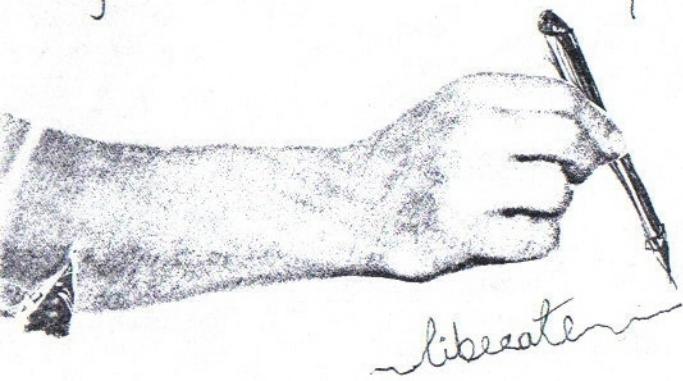


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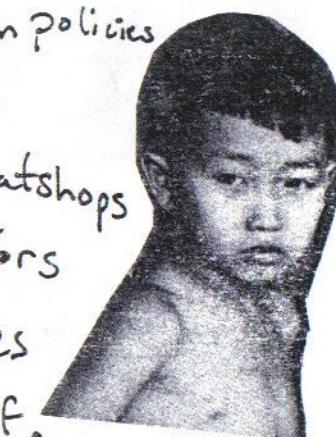


PEOPLE MAKE ZINES FOR DIFFERENT REASONS THEY SAY
OURS IS TO TAKE DOWN THE WALLS OF TODAY
THROUGH RADICAL IDEAS AND RADICAL THOUGHT
THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT CANNOT BE FOUGHT
BY ALL OF YOUR COPS AND ALL OF YOUR LAWS
AND HOPEFULLY YOU'LL SEE HOW SOCIETY IS FLAWED
SO GET UP AND DESTROY ALL THAT YOU SEE
THEN WITH THE EARTH WE'LL LIVE SUSTAINABLY

Do you write or want to
write radical poetry? We
accept all contributions.
Send typed contributions to
radicalgasp@hotmail.com
Or if you have written poems
give them to Lefty or Gangsta!

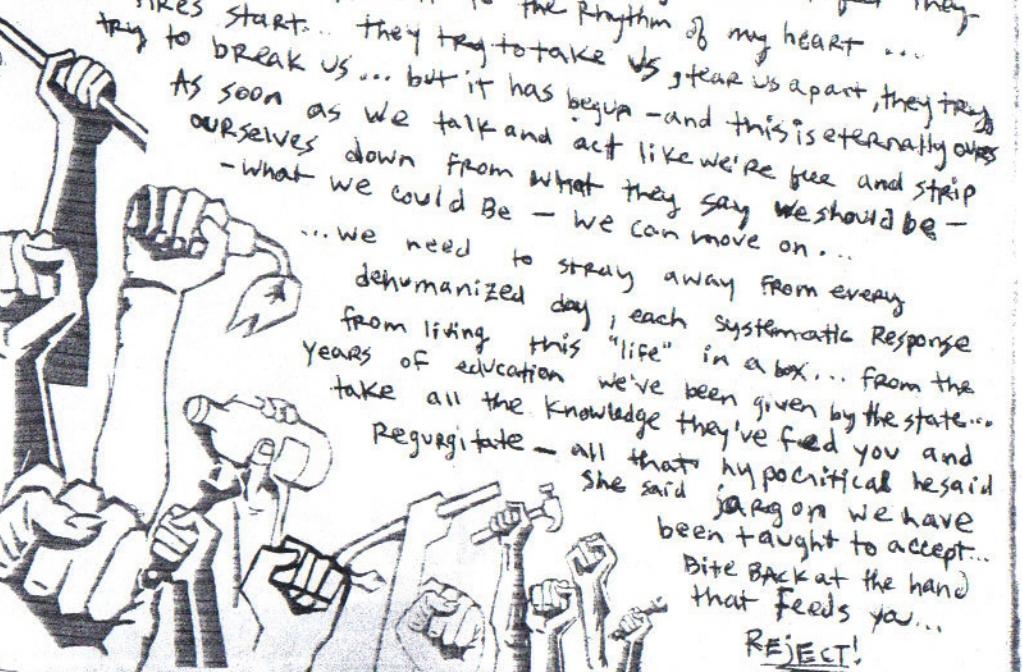


WALMART... you bring out the child in me
- More specifically -
the UNDERPAID OVERWORKED TAIWANESE
Child in me
you bring out a sense of community
Well... at least a sense of small family owned shops
you drive out of the community
Oh WALMART...
Environmentally unsound consumption
Union-Busting... racist promotion policies
Underpaid work force
cheap products made in sweatshops
Crushed local competitors
Oh yeah, and sweet prices
on shoes and stuff
what can't Walmart bring me?
and candy



I met a bum in central park
Who was sleeping on a bench
It had poured rain earlier
And he was still completely drenched
He rolled over onto his other side
And cleared out his throat
He began to scribble something
But I couldn't see what he wrote
He stopped writing
And glanced up at me
He folded his piece of paper
And tipped his hat at me
I walked over by him
To talk to him for a few
Only realizing we talked
Past the morning dew
He was very interesting
And had a lot to say
We sat in the park
Well into the day
When our conversation ended
I got him something to eat
He smiled at me and said
I'm glad you took a seat

(today, i stood in Solidarity revisiting our former clarity that once hung up in the sky... while planes dropping missiles mixed with Bread and Bombs flew by a Coalition to rise against the war - the movement carried by our voices brought forth a forward moving, a silent motion of sounds - our choices - will bring the resistance out - our choice is - Nothing... but to do it now yell for the freedom that not everyone sees - Because they already think they see it... What is an action if not direct?; it puts your head to spark the flame that is longing to ignite within all of us. We are in this together... brewing... we are an unwatched pot that will soon boil over - and baptize a new generation, with hope for themselves and their children - the hope that anything can happen... The future is unwritten... This is our body and this is our blood, together the streets causing shifting drifting from the pushing pulling the shaking and shouting... the pressure's mounting as the heat begins to rise... let us meet their eyes... the police - not at all receiving their rubber bullets leaving holes in the souls of all those who dare to stand tall - Reviving the hearts of all those who dare to fight back all those who create a drowning pounding with their feet they take to the streets, take it to the rhythm of my heart...
... The fires start... they try to take us apart, they try to break us... but it has begun - and this is eternally ourselves as we talk and act like we're free and strip down from what they say we should be - what we could be - we can move on...
... we need to stay away from every dehumanized day, each systematic response from living this "life" in a box... from the years of education we've been given by the state... take all the knowledge they've fed you and Regurgitate - all that's hypocritical he said She said *Stay on* we have been taught to accept... Bite Back at the hand that feeds you... **REJECT!**



The Big Green Box

Why would you want to pay for food?

When you get it for free, it tightens your mood.

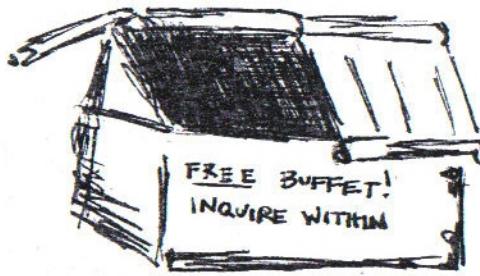
Just run in back to the big green' box,
D & K you will see.

But remember to be as sly as a fox.

Reach your hand in & grab what looks good,

Now you're an all-star WB hood.

Although you could kill cops +
resort to cannibalism.



A hand-drawn illustration on a white background. At the top right, the text "666-Hail-Satan" is written in a stylized, blocky font. Below it, in the center, is the phrase "Call For Quotations!" also in a similar font. At the very bottom, the words "AD SPACE" are written in large, bold, block letters. On either side of the central text, there are two circular outlines, each containing a dollar sign (\$). The entire drawing has a rough, sketchy appearance.

You're Afraid of Death

So you hide behind God.

Why can't you see

Religion is a fraud?

